PRICE 1 CENT

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

PRICE 1 CENT

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 2. MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, 1882. NUMBER 26.

Preserves.

We do not know much of the habits of the cave-dwellers, but it is reasonably certain that the wife of the cave-man made everything for him. Of course he killed the bears and rhinoceroses that supplied his table, and he carved those elaborate pictures on tooth-brush handles and paper-cutters which his civilized posterity has found in his dust heaps; but he never did any work. His wife made the fire, cooked the meals, supplied the clothing of the family, and probably made the furniture. The habits of women are wonderfully persistent, and the habit of preserve-making to which the American housewife is so universally addicted is undoubtedly a survival of the domestic habits of the woman of the cave dwelling age.

Preserve-making is perhaps the very last trace of the cave women which survives in women of the present century. As man advanced in civilization, woman ceased to be the universal maker of things. In those early ages of which geologists tell us—the stone age, the iron age and the wooden, glass and tin ages, women continued to furnish food and clothes for their husbands and children. They ground the corn or bread, and they spun the flax for clothing, but at the beginning of the present century they had ceased to make anything except stockings and shirts, bed-spreads and preserves. The progress of woman has been rapid during the present generation. She has discovered that there is no good reason why she should make stockings and shirts that never satisfy the deep wants of man's nature, and that cost more than satisfactory stockings and shirts bought at the haberdasher's would cost. The discovery not only emancipated her from thankless and severe labor, but it also enabled man to throw off the burden of bed-spreads, or "comfortables," as they are familiarly called. Man, who in some respects is quite reasonable, found that shirts made by an intelligent workman instead of the hand of affection brought so much peace and comfort into his life that it occurred to him that he could be still more happy were he to sleep under blankets instead of home made comfortables. Accordingly he himself proposed that the custom of making comfortables at home should be abandoned, and of course woman joyfully accepted the proposal. Thus it has gradually come to pass that preserves are the only articles which housewives now feel compelled to make.

In prehistoric ages the work of preparing food partook of the solemnity of a religious ceremony. The woman of the stone age invoked a separate deity for every vegetable and every sort of meat that she placed on the fire; so that the preparation of hash or soup required her to rise before daylight, and recite a long and complicated litany. Much of this solemnity attaches to preserve-making. It is true that it is no longer spoken of as a religious ceremony, and that the modern preserve-maker does not believe in deities presiding over sugar and fruit and preserve kettles, but she feels that preserve-making is a work to be approached only in the most serious manner.

No ordinary dish is thought to be fit for preserve-making. A special kettle must be consecrated to the sacred work. This kettle is sumptuously lined with porcelain, and costs at least as much as all the preserves that are ever made in it, for it rarely lasts beyond one season. Slight differences of ritual prevail among preserve makers. Some hold that a pound of sugar should accompany every pound of fruit; while others believe that both fruit and sugar should be measured, and not weighed. In the matter of preparing fruit for the kettle there is also a diversity of opinion, and no two house-wives are absolutely agreed as to the length of time that the preserve kettle should remain on the fire.

There is really a great deal of labor expended in making preserves. Unlike most other articles of food, they are not finished when they are cooked. They must be put up in jars, and the jars must be covered with paper put on with the utmost care in order to keep the preserves from the air. At least two distinct women are needed in order to make even the smallest quantity of preserves, and their uninterrupted attention must be given to the work from the moment of beginning until the last jar is tied up and placed on the shelf.

The first cost of making preserves is not so great as most men fancy that it is. Indeed, the first cost of, say, six jars of home-made strawberry preserves is usually not more than twice the amount that six jars of the same size would cost if bought of the grocer. Preserve-making is, however, a long and continuous process. At the expiration of a month after the preserves have been placed on the shelf, the careful housewife finds that they are "working," and that they must be immediately "done over." To "do over" preserves is to repeat the entire process of making them from the moment that they are placed in the preserve kettle. This adds to their cost, since it involves hours of labor and the consumption of fresh sugar and other materials. Two weeks later the preserves are found to be "candied," or, in other words, converted into petrified strawberries, fit for nothing except to take the place of gravel on the front walk. Then, and not until then, will the conscientious woman consent to supply her table with preserves bought from the grocer, lamenting, as she does so, that some mysterious fatality always prevents her from making preserves that will neither "work" nor "candy."

It is estimated that only nine per cent. of the preserves made by the women of America are ever eaten except by the most heroic and self-sacrificing husbands. Is it not time that women should abandon this last surviving habit of the cave-dwelling women, and should permit men to buy their preserves as freely as they buy their shirts and stockings.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Lion Killing a Quagga.

I once had a rare chance of seeing a lion catch and kill his prey in the open in daylight. While on a short hunt to the north of Waterberg, in the Transvaal, in the winter of 1874, with a Dutch Boer, we saddled up one afternoon to shoot a couple of quaggas (Burchell's zebra for our followers, quagga meat being preferred above all others by the natives of that country. We had ridden a considerable round without falling in with any, but about an hour before sundown we came across a troop of about fifty. Galloping up within shot, we fired, when one mare dropped. Reloading and mounting, we started after the troop, which had now disappeared over a ridge. On gaining the rise we saw the quaggas tailing out in the hollow and commencing to ascend a second slope, one or two stallions bringing up the rear, as is usually the case. Cantering on, my companion suddenly pulled up and pointed out to me a lion trotting swiftly up across the quaggas' line of retreat, behind a few scattered bowlders and low bushes dotting the slope, evidently with the intention of securing his supper. We moved slowly forward, when the hindmost stallion, thinking we were getting too close, started after his companions at a smart canter. It was now exciting. The quagga was close to the line of the lion's approach; a couple of seconds more and the dark mass of the lion's form shot out from behind a stone on his prey. In a moment the quagga was on the ground. The lion left him instantly, moved a few yards distant and lay down with his head away from the quagga, twitching his tail nervously from side to side, as much as to say: "I have done that properly." The whole thing was done so quickly and suddenly that it is difficult to describe. The lion had not yet seen us, but on riding nearer he turned and faced, looking rather put out at our appearing on the scene. At first he seemed inclined to bolt, but at last lay down facing us, evidently unwilling to give up his game. Being anxious to examine the quagga, and knowing my Boer friend to be reliable, we rode up to about fifty yards and dismounted. I held the horses, keeping my double rifle in reserve in case of accident. The lion, not liking the look of things, got up and walked a few steps toward us, growling savagely. I told the Boer to shoot straight, which he did, hitting the lion with his old six to the pound on the point of the shoulder; the bullet, passing out behind the other shoulder, dropped the lion on the spot. On examining the quagga it would appear from the claw mark that the lion's left forearm was thrown over the wither and the claws fixed in the shoulder, the right forearm's claws in the chest, the left hind claws had been driven into the flank a little below the level of the hip-bone, the right hind foot evidently on the ground, thus holding the animal as if in a vice, while the teeth had met in the neck about three inches or four inches behind the ears, smashing the bone as effectually as a two-ounce bullet. My two front fingers met in the bite-hole. Death was instantaneous. The lion was a full-grown male with perfect teeth. On a previous occasion a riding mare belonging to a friend of mine was killed near Wonderfontein, Transvaal, one night, close to the wagon, while on a blesbok hunt. The mare was hobbled when caught. The claw-marks and bite that killed were identical with those on the quagga. From all testimony that I could gather from old hunters during seventeen years' residence in the Transvaal, and my own limited observation, I would say that the lion uses his claws as a holding power, and kills by bite.—*London Field*

—Coarse salt, in crystals, is the best to use in pickling.

The Puget Sound Lumber Trade.

The distribution of lumber from Puget Sound is as wide as its manufacture is active. In one day's cruise I found vessels loading for Boston, San Francisco, Valparaiso, the Sandwich Islands, Vallejo, Mexico, Japan, China, France, England, Australia and South America. The export reported in 1881 was about 175,000,000 feet, valued at about $1,720,000. Of this about 40,809,000 was shipped to foreign ports. The value of the foreign cargoes was about $395,000. It is a sight to see some of the big logs in the booms. I spent a couple of hours among them one night. The electric light, with which almost all these mills are equipped, illuminated the water far and near, making it look like silver in quartz, or the spangles on a ballet girl's dress. The logs were like slumbering giants in the gloom, and reused to move as Captain Leggee and I stepped from one to another. Many of them were five feet in diameter, and all were barkless. Mr. George Braun, the foreman of Jackson's logging camp on the Skagit River, lately cut one tree from which were sawed two logs of 32 and 26, and two of 30 feet, in all 118 feet in length. The top of the tree measured 61 inches across. The entire log scaled about 24,000 feet. As Mr. Braun said: "That is like raising 100 bushels of oats to the acre," which they do on the tide-flats just below his camp. But all trees here are exceptional in size, height and symmetry. They make the finest possible spars and masts. Firs 250 feet high, pines 150 feet, cedars 100 feet, are met with in any woodland walk along a logging trail. Ship-building, as a natural result, is a great industry. The ship-carpenter at Blakeslee told me as I left that he was just completing his fortieth vessel. He informed me also that the first saw-mill in this region was erected at Seattle in 1853. It would cut about 5,000 feet per day. Now there are eighteen mills, in any one of which this pioneer would be lost. Think of the thick forests—trees crowded together as close as they can grow—and right on the shores of the Sound or its tributary waters, these shores generally sloping so as to make the most facile of log-ways; countless boat'steads and sheltered harbors; a climate never too cold to work, although sometimes too wet; then the waters of the Sound for log-roads themselves, when a steam-launch can pull a raft anywhere, and one can see why this industry grows so. Where else do conditions as favorable to it exist?

The lumber business is not carried on here as it is in the interior or the East. There are no lumber-yards supplied from the mills. The mills themselves distribute the lumber. Many of them have planing machines and elaborate machinery on the ground floors beneath the saws, where they manufacture dressed lumber, flooring, ceiling, etc. Factories of barrels, pails, etc., etc., group around them, subsisting on what would be refuse. A unique establishment is that of the Stetsons & Post, in Seattle, where house-trimmings, doors, sashes, blinds and moulding are manufactured in connection with a saw-mill. There is great profit in this business. These gentlemen have made $100,000, starting with $1,500 five years ago; but they are hard-working men, practical mechanics, and understand their business thoroughly. The profit in exporting is not less, but of course requires greater capital. The ships carry an average of 500,000 feet every five to eight weeks, at a profit, as near as I can average it, of $2,675 per trip. All of the saw-mill proprietors are wealthy. They are, for the most part, attached to the scenes where their wealth has been made, and spend their time and money at home rather than abroad.—*Puget Sound Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

English Depredations in the Yellowstone Park.

The magnificent Yellowstone Park is in danger of being rapidly destroyed and its natural beauties defaced by wantonness and vandalism unless the Government steps in to protect it. It is said that the first thing the Englishman does after registering at the Brevoort house is to start for the Yellowstone Park and needlessly shoot down scores of its large game—deer, buffaloes, bears, antelope and mountain sheep. Nor are foreigners always the chief sinners in this respect. Many of the most famous Yellowstone geysers have already been ruined by people who amuse themselves by hurling immense trunks of pine trees into them in order to see the water force them high in the air. In many cases these logs have stuck in the water apertures and have completely stopped the spouting. In Wyoming the people are taking steps to put a stop to such vandalism and the wholesale slaughter of buffaloes and other game by English tourists.